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His present engagement in England, where he is commissioned to study on the spot the scenes of British poetry—the haunts of Stratford-on-Avon; the stately terraces where Herrick's dames march in rich attire, in "liquefaction" of skirts and pride of drapery; the castle-stairs where St. Agnes's maid descends with her lover—has been a mixed delight to the designer. His notes are not yet firm and assured; he seems to tremble with the weight and the fertile confusion of new ideas. To complicate the matter, his health his given way, and his frame, never robust, has bent to the hurricane of novel impressions and importunate tasks. He is ordered, they say, to Biarritz by his physician. It is to be hoped that this set-back will be but temporary. During



SKETCH. BY ADRIEN MARIE.

a recent fit of illness in London it was touching to note the sympathy and interest accorded to the young, unheralded American lad; the carriages of royal academicians stopped every day, with the most solicitous inquiries from the foremost names of British art; and careful nursing, with delicate attentions on the part of fair compatriots, surrounded his sick-bed with those cares that the angels seldom leave home to administer, and those medicines that cannot be bought from even the most able apothecary.

The inedited designs by Mr. Abbey which we have the good fortune to present belong to his residence in England. One delineates a prominent and popular American author, whose researches in dæmonology have made household familiarities out of a shunned and uncanny subject, as he appeared when taking his ease at a rural inn in the Lake Country. The resemblance is striking, and, for many a reader, will amount to a betrayal. Another depicts the same philosopher, with Boughton the artist and our young adventurer, plodding through London streets in the rain, on the hot scent of some historical curiosity. The other shows the subject of this memoir, who is no giant in stature, meeting a fair young stranger from these shores, to whom he had been requested to act "as a father." The exquisite protecting glance which he directs at his protégée, whom he represents as much taller than himself, will not be lost upon the reader.

Mr. Abbey, like many of the artists who have distinguished themselves in this city, proceeds from the ancient and glorious Academy of Art in Philadelphia. This almost centenary institution, which scatters its alumni over the country at large with small care for claiming the credit of their education, conferred that firm groundwork in the arts of design which, in this brilliant artist's case, has acted on an exceptionally gifted nature to chasten imagination with the restraints of science, and fortify fancy with fact.

EDWARD STRAHAN.

*ANECDOTES OF MEISSONIER.

THIS illustrious French painter is the hero of numerous anecdotes, some of them, we apprehend, more entertaining than authentic. Here are two of the latest: Meissonier decidedly refuses to be patronized. It is related that a rich Englishman came to him one day and offered him \$1000 if he would paint his portrait and agree to finish it in a fortnight. "If you fail," he added, "I shall deduct \$5 a day until you have delivered it." This angered the artist, who declared he wouldn't paint the portrait for \$10,000. "You are not a fit subject," he said, "for any pencil. Allow me to bid you good-morning." "I dare say, now, that you are joking," responded the Briton. "But I won't insist on the deduction if you'll agree not to detain me very

long." "Detain you?" echoed the artist. "I won't detain you another second. There is the door. Go!" "What—what's the matter?" inquired John Bull. "What is all this row about?" "It means that you have mistaken your man. You think me exclusively an animal painter. I paint horses and dogs, but curs never."



ADRIEN MARIE. BY EMILE BAYARD.

On one occasion a German banker from Hanover, having brought a letter of introduction, asked Meissonier to do half a dozen panels in his house for five hundred marks apiece, explaining that he would defray his travelling expenses there and back, and give him his board gratis. The Frenchman ironically said that he would not dream of asking such a price, that if he should



ADRIEN MARIE. CARICATURE BY HIMSELF.

accept the money he would insist on painting also the walls, the hearth, and the cupboards. "Oh, very well; suit yourself. You can earn your money as you choose. You can do the hearths and cupboards after you have got through with the panels." "You are a beast!" roared the irate Gaul, and flew out of the room, leaving the astonished stranger alone. No wonder he was en-



SKETCH. BY ADRIEN MARIE.

raged. He is in the habit of being approached with great delicacy and of being flattered by men in exalted positions.

Notwithstanding Meissonier spends so much time on his pictures, he has painted more than can be conveniently enumerated, and his works steadily increase in value. Those that have been bought and sold again have generally advanced in figures, and advanced

roundly. Three or four that went first for \$3000 to \$4000 have changed hands since at \$10,000 to \$15,000. The artist himself thinks and says that his death will be a great benefit to holders of his canvases; that the latter will jump up the moment it is known that he has passed away. He is persuaded that in another century he will be rated financially with the Dutch and Flemish masters of the seventeenth century. It would be hazardous to contradict him.

ADRIEN MARIE.

HARDLY any French painter of to-day has won in a short time such popularity as a delineator of the simple phases of home life as has the subject of our sketch. M. Adrien Marie is not yet thirty-two years old, but he already bids fair to become for France what Millais is for England—the painter of babies, "par excellence." He has not always, however, made babyhood his theme. At one time he inclined to the weird and dramatic, as shown in his "The Accursed" and his "Cavaliers of Death." But his sombre moods do not show him in his best vein. At the Salon in 1876, he exhibited his "Hymn to the Creator"—a charming figure of Eve. But, as we have said, it is as the painter of babies that he excels. M. Marie in August, 1878, became the father of a bouncing boy, and since that he has painted hardly anything else but babies. Master Emile-Louis—whose figure appears in these pages in many postures—has been invaluable as a model to his papa who has filled many note-books with sketches of the young gentleman in almost every conceivable attitude. "The Little Miser," Marie's picture in the Salon of 1879, represented an aristocratic-looking infant fastened in his baby-chair, yelling highly because a bigger boy sitting near him will not give him the orange he holds in his hand. The little miser has already four oranges, and has grabbed them so greedily that one of them has fallen upon the floor. The engraving of the picture has been reproduced in more than one of the New York illustrated journals, and doubtless is familiar to many of our readers. Of the color, we cannot speak, not having seen the original; but the drawing and the composition of the picture certainly are admirable. The ease of the attitude of the bigger boy as he lounges in his chair and looks at the baby tantalizingly is especially noticeable.

In addition to several illustrations in the present article, which have been reproduced from "La Vie Moderne," we are enabled, through the courtesy of Professor Camille Piton, of Philadelphia, to publish for the first time some original drawings by M. Marie. From the portrait of the latter, by his friend and teacher, M. Emile Bayard of "L'Illustration," it will be seen that he is a handsome man, very different from



SKETCH. BY ADRIEN MARIE.

what one would suppose him to be by the amusing caricature he has furnished of himself on the same page. He is of medium height, and has a fair complexion, almost like a girl's. As may be judged from his fondness for children, and from his agreeable features (as they are represented by his friend, we might add), he is naturally of a lively and genial disposition. His playfulness when a student in the atelier of his master came near, on one occasion, compromising Pils, that well-known battle-painter. Cabanel, Gérôme, and Pils, the life professors at the École des Beaux Arts, had adjoining studios. One day Pils discovered to his horror that young Marie had drawn a huge caricature on his walls of Gérôme's "Cleopatra before Cæsar." The professors do not